



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

BALLOON HOUSES.

It is not a small job to build even a small house, especially if it be thought necessary to select and prepare and to frame according to Gunter's plan of such as large size as used to be thought necessary. We are glad to find that for common dwellings, the idea that so much large timber and so much framing together is not believed to be absolutely required—that smaller timber, if placed in such position as to bear the strain in the direction of its strongest fibre is much preferable—it being lighter to handle, is stronger, and less expensive. It always seemed a fallacious idea that it was necessary to take a stick of timber say for a beam or a joist 7 by 8 or more inches square and then cut it down at each end to a tenon 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 inches by 4. This bearing sustains the whole load to be put upon it and the strain of the beam to boot. Are these 2 by 4 bearings any stronger than that made by two boards an inch thick and 4 inches wide, or of a plank 2 by 4? But we put studs under the middle; so we do under the planks.

The study of the strength of various kinds of timber in its various positions is not sufficiently attended to, and known by builders. No carpenter should consider himself a workman until he is well posted up in this branch of his business. We do not copy an article on this subject from the *Country Gentleman* and commend it to all our readers and those intending to build:

"In these days of ballooning it is gratifying to know that there is one practically useful, well tested principle which has risen above the character of an experiment, and is destined to hold an elevated position in the opinions of the masses. That principle is the one applied in the construction of what are technically, as well as sarcastically, termed Balloon Frames, as applied to the construction of all classes of wooden buildings."

Since Solon Robinson's description of the mode of building balloon frames, published a few years ago in the N. Y. *Tribune*, there appears to have been but little further information furnished on the subject.

Who the originator was is not known; the system is not patented. The first approach in that direction is a plan for a portable cottage or tent, or a combination of both, published in Loudon's *Encyclopedia of Architecture*, some twenty years ago.

It is more than probable, however, that the balloon frame has been known since the early settlement of the West, or after the demand for a class of buildings above the grade of a log cabin.

The settlers on the prairies, remote from timber, now find, as a matter of economy, that frame buildings are the most desirable, a comfortable log cabin really costing more money; and from the fact of portable buildings or frames being prepared at the mills or larger towns, and with absolute conditions of lightness for transportation and economy in construction, shows pretty conclusively the origin of the so-called Balloon Frame—a frame that, throughout the great West, is almost exclusively used in the construction of every grade of wooden buildings, from a corn-crib to the largest railroad freight depot—adapted to sustaining heavy loads; entirely secure from lateral thrust; without a mortise or tenon or brace; it stands, with more than 30,000 examples of every conceivable size and form, a perfect success.

So general is its use west of Lake Michigan and throughout California, that a builder of the old style of timber frame would be regarded with the same sympathy as a man who prefers to travel by rail instead of a road.

The decreased amount of timber to be used, the whole labor of chopping, hewing and framing dispensed with; the great economy in its construction, and the ease with which any intelligent man who can lay out a right angle and adjust a plumb line may do his own building, are among its recommendations.

The moment the foundation is prepared and the bill of lumber on the ground, the balloon frame is ready to raise, and a man and boy can do all of it. The sills are generally 3 inches by 6 inches, halved at the ends or corners, and nailed together with large nails. Having laid the sills upon the foundation, the next thing in order is to put up the studding. Take a 2 by 4 stud of any length, stand it on the corner, set it plumb, and with a couple of stay hatches secure it in position. Nail the stud by four large nails driven diagonally, two on each side, through bottom of stud into the sill. Continue to set up studs on end, 16 inches between centers, around the entire building, and secure each in the same manner. Pay no attention to the length, for they can be readily spliced or cut off when the time comes. Leave the necessary openings for doors and windows. Some prefer to put 4 by 4 studs alongside the window frames and for door posts, also at the corners, but they are not necessary, unless the building be a large one. The best plan for corners, and one usually adopted, is to place two 2 by 4 studs close together, so as to form a right angle, that is, edge of one stud placed against the side of the other, so as to form a corner. Next put in the floor joists for the first floor, the ends of the joists to come out flush with the outside face of the studding; nail the joists, which are 2 by 11, one to each stud at both ends and diagonally through the edge to the sill on which they rest. Next measure the height to ceiling, and with a chalk line mark it around the entire range of studding; below the ceiling line notch each stud one inch deep and four inches wide, and into this notch, flush with the inside face of the studding, nail an inch strip four inches wide. This notch may be cut before putting up the studs. If the frame be lined on the inside, it will not be necessary to notch the strip into the studs, but simply to nail it to the studding; the object of notching the studding is to present a flush surface for lathing, as well as to form a

shoulder or bearing necessary to sustain the second floor; both of these are accomplished by lining inside the studding—for small barns and out-buildings that do not require plastering, nail the strip 4 by 1, to the studding) on this rests the joists of the second floor, the ends of which come flush to the outside face of the studding, and both ends of each joist are securely nailed to each stud; the bearing of the joist on the inch strip below it is close by the stud, and the inch strip rests on a shoulder of lower side of the notch cut to receive it. This bearing is so strong that the joist will break in the center before the bearing gives way. No tenoned joint in the old style of frame will hold half the weight.

The joists being nailed securely to the side of each stud, the lateral thrust caused by heavy weight, as hay, merchandize, &c., is in the direction of the fibre of the wood.

The tensile strength of American White Pine is sufficient to sustain 11,800 pounds* for each surface inch in its cross section. Medium bar iron will sustain 60,000 lbs. per square inch of its cross section surface, so that white pine pulled or strained in the direction of its fibre is equal to nearly one-fifth of the strength of iron. If, in erecting a building, we can use our materials that every strain will come in the direction of the fibre of some portion of the wood work, we can make inch boards answer a better purpose than foot square beams, and this application of materials is the reason of the strength of balloon frames.

When the building is designed for storage, it is customary to set an outside strip into the studding at the ends of the building on which to nail the ends of the flooring, so that the thrust of the building endways is in the direction of the fibre of the flooring, and sideways, as before stated, in the direction of the fibre of the joists.

We have now reached the second floor. A third floor, if required, is put in the same manner. Having reached the top of the building, each stud is sawed off to an equal height; if any are too short they are spliced by placing one on top of the other, and nailing a strip of inch board on both sides. The wall plate, 1 by 4 inches, is laid flat on top of the studding, and nailed to each stud; the rafters are then put on; they are notched, allowing the ends to project outside for cornices, &c. The bearing of each rafter comes directly over the top of each stud, and is nailed to it. Put in the partitions, and the balloon frame is complete, and in labor, strength and economy stands unequalled. If lined inside of the studding, it is a good desideratum, and although ridiculed by eastern mechanics, it will assume the same importance that it has still occupied in the West.

This style of frame can be used with confidence by any for all sizes, for all manner of dwelling houses, outbuildings, &c., and can be put up by anybody of the least mechanical genius. In Rural Architecture it is a good desideratum, and although ridiculed by eastern mechanics, it will assume the same importance that it has still occupied in the West.

There are many different plans for building these frames. Some lay the first floor, and commence the frame on top of it; others, for small buildings, put in the studding 4, 6 or 8 feet apart with horizontal strips between, which is a good plan where vertical siding is used—others tenon the studs and mortise the sills—not desirable, as it injures the strength, makes more work, and hastens the decay of the timber.

A first class balloon frame should be lined, if for vertical siding, outside the studding—if horizontal siding is used, line inside; it makes the frame stiffer and the building warmer. Some line diagonally, say from center next the first floor towards extreme upper corners both ways; others line one side diagonally in one direction, and the other in an opposite direction. This makes assurance of strength doubly sure. If lined inside, nail perpendicular lath to the lining 16 inches from centers, and on this lath horizontally with 16 inches between centers, through bottom of stud into the sill. Continue to set up studs to door and window frames for door posts, also at the corners, and on the same lath.

We have cured bad cases of poll evil and fistula by crowding a lump of salaratus into the pipe that the disease forms to discharge the pus.

HORSES—REMEDY FOR POLL EVIL.

The following is sent us as a valuable prescription for several of the ill that horse flesh is heir to, such as fistula, poll evil, ringbone, big head, &c. 12 oz. of alcohol, 1 oz. of spirits of turpentine, 1 oz. of corrosive sublimate, 1 oz. of camphor gum, 1 oz. of oil of spike, 1 oz. of castile soap, 1 oz. of aqua fortis—mixed and dissolved with a swab for a day or two, and then intermix, and apply again. Take care not to touch the part affected, and to prevent injury to the hair or hoof adjacent rub it well with grease.

We have cured bad cases of poll evil and fistula by crowding a lump of salaratus into the pipe that the disease forms to discharge the pus.

N. Y. Tribune.

N.—In treating fistula and poll evil, in this way, be sure that the salaratus touches the bottom of the pipe. It must heal to the bottom to be sure cure.

Eo.

PORTLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The citizens of Portland have recently organized a Horticultural Society, which, from the intelligence and zeal of those who have taken hold of it, promises to be a successful one.

Buildings for storage should have timber adapted for their use; but the cutting of mortises and tenons, and boring auger holes thus reducing a heavy stock of timber to the strength of one very much smaller, is a decided mistake. If the rural community want stronger building at a much less price, let them adopt the balloon frame. Geo. E. Woodward, Architect and Civil Engineer, 335 Broadway, New York.

*Authority, C. H. Harrel.

NEW RACE OF CATTLE FROM AN OLD ONE.

We see it stated in some of our exchanges that S. P. Mason of Walnut Creek, N. Y., tells us how he grew wheat at the rate of 80 bushels per acre.

He enclosed with his report an exact rod of dry, gravelly soil, and spaded it eighteen inches deep, mixing in well-rotted clayey turf, sifted to the amount of a cart load, and a peat of salt, half a bushel of ashes, and one pound of guano.

Then marked the bed into squares of three inches, and planted, Sept. 10, one grain in a hole two inches deep in the center of each square, and when the snow melted off in March the wheat was very green.

It was watered a little in a dry time, and harvested July 10, after the birds had taken a share, and dried, and the grain weighed 29 bushels. He says if it had been underhanded by birds the yield would have been 30 pounds—that is half a bushel per rod square, or the rate of 80 bushels per acre. The seed was called "California wheat," but whether bald or bearded, white or red, he does not say. Nor does he say whether it would pay to cultivate on a large scale for 80 bushels per acre. Who can say?—N. Y. Tribune.

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KOHLRABI.

We are asked, what are its properties and uses;

whether for stock or culinary purposes?

Both.

Just as turnips and cabbage both are, since kohlrabi is a cross between them. A bulb, like a turnip somewhat, grows at the bottom of a small cabbage-like stalk, and when cooked has a little more of the taste and properties of cabbage than it has of turnips. They are grown as easily as cabbage, and can be preserved as well, and may be cooked and eaten in the same way.—N. Y. Tribune.

A CIRCULIC BEMEDY.

P. H. Perry of Collins' Center, N. Y., writes as follows:

"A gentleman lately informed me that he had raised a good crop of plums simply by spraying a heavy coat of fresh horse manure on the ground under his trees. He said it entirely prevented the ravages of the circulic, when on their account he had not been able to gather a crop of plums for years before."

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN



AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8, 1859.

VOLUME XXVIII
OF THE
MAINE FARMER.
A FARM PRECEPTOR
AND
FAMILY FIRESIDE COMPANION.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, & Editors.
WM. T. JOHNSON.

Readers—did you ever consider the intrinsic value to your self and household of a good faithful newspaper, expressly devoted to your interests, adapted wholly to your locality, and freshly printed every day? We will willingly furnish you with such a paper, with a copy including all matters interesting to you and with just the sort of narrative reading which you and your family desire and need?

Have you such a newspaper? If not, we commend to you attention the

MAINE FARMER,

A large weekly journal, published in Augusta, in the best style of newspaper printing.

The name of the paper implies its character. It is especially devoted to the Agriculturists of Maine. If a new idea in respect to agriculture is received by any one, it is published, and is forthwith gathered up and turned over to the farmers of Maine. An inventor is discovered by the genius of American or original inventors, calculated to lighten the labor of man or his beast, or to multiply their capabilities, it is at once described, and the place pointed out where it may be purchased. The editor is constantly on the watch for these things, and swiftly bears word of them.

The *Farmer* is carefully reported to regulate your traffic; the *Recruits* are furnished to guide the good wife's hands.

You are constantly posted over all matters going on in the world, at least, all you care to think of—so that no constant reader of the **MAINE FARMER** can fail to be an intelligent man.

As the compass and chart are more useful to the pilot than any hand in the good ship, so a good newspaper, though it cost but two dollars, is a better

FARM HELPER

than any beast or implement the farmer can command—more serviceable, more faithful, more fruitful.

Those who are regular recipients of the paper, will induce our subscribers, when we say to others:

Subscribe for the **Maine Farmer**!

It will be the steady friend of your labor; the wise companion of your leisure hours; the best educator of your children; the cheerful minister to your gladness; the cheapest indulgence and the best investment of hard earned gains.

The **MAINE FARMER** will commence a new volume on the 22d of December next. Terms, \$2 per annum, or \$17.50 if paid within three months from date of subscription.

The friends and agents of the paper respectfully request to do what they conveniently can, to extend its circulation to their respective neighborhoods, and forward us names when they communicate with the new volume.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The circulation of the *Farmer*, believed to be already greater than that of any other newspaper in Maine, and rapidly increasing, makes it an advantageous medium for advertising to business men and others. For terms, see last page.

HOMAN & MANLEY, Publishers.

Augusta, Nov. 8, 1859.

REMOVED.

The printing office of the **Maine Farmer** has been removed to new quarters in the brick building owned by RUSSELL EATON, Esq., situated at the west end of Kennebec Bridge. We have

it were not for the three years disturbances in Kansas and the chronic rebellion in Utah, we might call this the first fruits of popular sovereignty. It seems that the bill to organize the territory of Coloma out of the western part of Kansas, serving as a base in the rebellion, and the great display of vegetables, Chas Loring, Reports 1858; display of tomatoes, H. Stace, Report 1857; good display vegetable, F. Hart, Report 1858; basket ruts bags, O. Remond, Report 1857; good specimens, &c., C. H. & G. Chapman, Report of 1857 and 58.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

HOW STRANGE.

BY FLORENCE PERIN.

How strange it will be, how strange, when we two shall be what all lovers become—
You, frigid and faithless—I cold and untrue—
Our strengthless love, and I, weak you—
Our pettish ways, with nothing to do—
Love's bright web unravelled, and rent, and worn through—
And her's the loom left empty—ah, hum!

Ab, me,

How strange it will be.

How strange it will be when the witchery goes,
Which makes us seem so lovely to day;
When we thought of our love, it was like *du roses*—
When every day serves some new fault to disclose—
When you find the cold eyes, and even a day—now,—
And wonder you could for a moment suppose—
I was out of the common-place way!

Ab, me,

How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, how strange, when we meet
With just a chill touch of the hand!—
At the thought of your coming, the sound of your feet—
When I watched not your going, far down the long street—
When your dear voice, now so thrillingly sweet,
Grows hard in reach or command—

Ab, me,

How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when we willingly stay
Divided the weary day through!
Or, getting remote apart as we may—
Still calm and silent, without a word said—
In a wearisome, old-married-folks sort of way!

I shrink from the picture—don't you?

Ab, me,

How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and old,
As we let our other hearts wither and fade—
If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold—
If we choose to live wretched and die uncounselled,
Will be strange of all things that ever were told
As happening under the sun!

Ab, me,

How strange it will be!

Boston Gazette.

The Story Teller.

MY FRIEND THE PROFESSIONAL.

In the years '56 and '57 I was operating largely in Wall-street. I began treading this dangerous locality as many have before me, more from motives of curiosity than speculation. I saw fortunes lost and won in a day; men who borrowed the cash to buy a dinner one week, looking around the next for a fast team, and keeping two bank accounts. I could see this much clearer than I could see those who were beggared at a false turn of the dice, and wandered away to hide their agony or shame in some spot far enough removed from that of their ruin. It was easy enough to hear that Jones had made thirty thousand the day before by a rise in Erie, but it was not so frequently repeated that Robin-son had lost a like amount by backing for a fall. Fascinated by this, as I say, I went into Wall street; I backed Erie, Reading, and Hudson River; I dabbled in the "Fancies"; I played with script, and "operated" generally. One day I could have bought fast horses and opened an establishment on Fifth Avenue, the next I was worse than a beggar. Nothing but a name for bold and fortunate operations, coupled with an ignorance of my real position, sometimes saved me, and brought me from this abyss.

While I was carrying this gambling, as I must term it, through its most intricate financial moves, I was fortunate enough to fall into the instrument by which a house heavily engaged in the importation and sale of diamonds and precious stones, were saved from what would have been a loss of nearly sixty thousand dollars. I was perfectly satisfied at the time with their profession of thanks but I must confess I much more gratified when a few months later I had retired from my would-be financial position in Wall-street thoroughly skinned, they sought me, and offered a position that would allow me to travel with much ease and leisure, and very considerable profit.

I entered the service of Messrs. A.—, I.— and Company, as a messenger, to deliver gems already sold and to carry those from which customers would select, to cover their wants. I was not to attempt opening new sources of trade, unless so instructed by the "house." Our house consisted of five partners, two of whom attended to the business in this country, and three conducted the European portion. Their place of business was one small room, containing two desks, a few chairs, and two iron safes, of which I believe I am estimating within bounds when I count their average contents at a million of dollars. There was a quiet, sleep air about it; few entered the room, no strangers in fact, and the value of those safes I believe was known to scarcely half a dozen altogether. Two persons remained in this room day and night, ready for any emergency short of an earthquake. I was the only employee of Messrs. A.—, I.— and Company, with the exception of such persons as acted for them in the way of brokers, to buy whatever floating lots of precious stones might chance to be offered. I also was a buyer, being pledged in my articles of agreement to buy only for the "house," this being to prevent my entering on any private speculation for myself. That this stipulation was a necessary move for my principals, I soon learned, as under their instructions, I was directed to the manner of obtaining many fine gems in distant cities very much below their real worth, as likely to be compelled to part with them at some distant second-rate city as they would be at New York. The point to be attained, is simply finding out into whose hands they have gone; and the chances are very large that they can be bought much below their real value, should a judge of the articles see them. In this way I bought in Boston a gem worth eight hundred dollars for seventy-five dollars, the pawn-broker who sold it declaring he had been possessed of it for several years, which story I did not doubt, though it seemed wonderful that during this time he should not have learned its real value. Again, in Baltimore, I bought for one thousand dollars, the accumulation of gems from a pawnbroker, who acted as though he felt guilty of swindling me in the transaction, grasping the money and shoving away the worthless baubles in great haste; they were gems of every shade, size, cut, and setting, and were worth more than double the price the Robins demanded, and I willingly paid.

It was a painful thing oftentimes, this buying of gems—many of them perhaps wrong from the owners at the last point of agony for a mere pitance—the cherished relic of a parent, a brother, a sister, or one still dear. I have lingered many times over the imagined history of these waifs that were soon to be divested of their setting and re-mounted in modern style, to grace the beauty of some fashionable fair.

The transitory ownership of diamonds in this country, has always been a matter of marvel to me: I scarcely expect them, as in Europe, to pass from father to son, or from mother to daughter; but the larger stones can so readily be traced, and so fit from hand to hand with such short periods intervening, that it seems strange any one should buy to possess for so short a period. A well-known lady of fashion once said: "Own no diamonds, it occasions so much pain to part with

them." If this be true, then must Americans suffer great pain. I have frequently been astonished at having offered me for sale, perhaps in Savannah or some other distant city, the same diamonds that within the year I had known sold in New York, having possibly passed through several hands before being offered me.

New Orleans, Mobile, and the Southern cities generally, are considered the best markets for diamonds; and it was to these spots generally my steps were best, oftentimes bearing precious treasures with me in gobs, and bringing back large amounts in money. My charges from the house were very strict to be always on the watch, and never to trust myself alone in any spot having the least air of suspicion. I had even without these charges invariably adopted every precaution, depositing my valuable cargo in banks, or in the safe of the hotel, whenever I arrived in a city; and never going by night or day into any unlighted or lonely part of the place carrying anything of value. Coupled with this, I carried a revolver, always ready, in the breast-pocket of my coat, handy at a moment's notice. I flattered myself that these items of care were quite sufficient.

It was in the summer of 1857, and I was in New Orleans, just preparing to start North. I was to come by the Mobile and Montgomery route. I did not consider coming up the river safe, when carrying the largest and best managed of the boats always swarming with thieves and black-legs—as well as from my preference of the land route, and its being much the shortest. I had a large amount of money to bring with me, much of it in gold; a portion of this I had strapped a belt around my body, the balance in a leather bag, which I carried in my hand, never allowing it to leave my custody night or day, eating, drinking, or sleeping. I was all ready to start, looking around my room to see that everything was packed, when a telegraphic message was brought me. I opened and read:

"Be very careful and watching coming up. You are followed, and may be robbed."

A.—, I.— and Company.

This was not a pleasant anticipation for the long journey between New Orleans and New York; nevertheless, I was glad of the warning, and determined to keep both eyes open. I started, looking right and left, like a boy fearing ghosts. I believe that I never before tried so hard to analyze my fellow-travellers as upon that trip, or for the first two days of it. For forty-eight hours, I am convinced, I did not close my eyes, but on the third night nature gave way. I had taken the precaution to secure my leather bag about my body with a cord I had provided for that purpose, and wrapped my travelling shawl well about this, after which, looking to my revolver, and curling myself into the most defensive position I could assume, I fell asleep, and oh! for the tragic portion of my story, I awoke unrobbed, and finally arrived in New York with my treasure in safety.

Fascinated by this, as I say, I went into Wall street; I backed Erie, Reading, and Hudson River; I dabbled in the "Fancies"; I played with script, and "operated" generally. One day I could have bought fast horses and opened an establishment on Fifth Avenue, the next I was worse than a beggar. Nothing but a name for bold and fortunate operations, coupled with an ignorance of my real position, sometimes saved me, and brought me from this abyss.

While I was carrying this gambling, as I must term it, through its most intricate financial moves, I was fortunate enough to fall into the instrument by which a house heavily engaged in the importation and sale of diamonds and precious stones, were saved from what would have been a loss of nearly sixty thousand dollars. I was perfectly satisfied at the time with their profession of thanks but I must confess I much more gratified when a few months later I had retired from my would-be financial position in Wall-street thoroughly skinned, they sought me, and offered a position that would allow me to travel with much ease and leisure, and very considerable profit.

This information had been communicated by a fellow who had formerly been on the police, but having been discharged, was then, and is now, acting as a policeman on his own responsibility, combining, as I believe, with thieves and burglars, using the rogues as long as it suits his purpose, and handing them over to justice when has no further use. This man, whom I shall call Grabber, for shortness, was sent for and introduced. One look was enough to make me understand the fellow. There was no doubt the information he gave was true, but the question was, "Why did he give it?" He could certainly have done better for himself by allowing me to be robbed, and then sharing with the robber the plunder. I thought of all this while Mr. Grabber was giving me the items, and felt sure there was something which I did not understand, but I strongly calculated on my ability to see my way clear in time. He informed me that a certain professional who prided himself on his dexterity and extensive mode of business, never "touching" anybody, as Mr. Grabber expressed it, for any thing small, had somehow got wind of the fact that I carried large amounts of value, this knowledge of course on the gentleman's part could only be followed by one resolve, which was to attain the value and carry it for me—a most laudable ambition. With this in view he had followed me to New Orleans and back, fortune so favoring me that he got no chance on the entire trip.

There was a council of war held as to the best plan to be pursued, and the conclusion was arrived at that I must by some means see this professional gentleman. Mr. Grabber thought this could easily be managed, and the next evening was proposed as the time when he was to conduct me where I could have an opportunity of spotting the man, that I might know him by sight should again attempt to follow me.

The next evening, in accordance with the advice of Mr. Grabber, I made my appearance in another dif ferent suit from my usual wear, a false mustache and whiskers, with a few other well-managed theatrical effects, indeed so skillfully done that I rather doubted in my mind, like that historically famous little woman who, while peaceably carrying eggs to market, suffered the garnet of her garments by a ruthless peddler bearing the name of Stout, I debated my own identity.

We started away from my rooms, Mr. Grabber being eminently conversational, questioning me closely as to my habits while travelling, how much I generally carried, how I carried it, and various other little questions which I some how suspected from the first Mr. Grabber would ask, and for which I had answers out and dried. This information I think must have served him little if he relied on its truth. I thought by this time I saw through Mr. Grabber, but presently he noticed that there was any interest on his part to make an attempt at me that night for the small amount he would have got, even had I kept my wack and ring. Something there was in it, though to this day I have not been able to unravel it, unless the hypothesis is correct that it was his intention to hand me over in some indirect way to the tender mercies of a professional gentleman, trusting to the future to recompense him in a larger way.

After a smart walk we entered a place in Green-street, a spot well-known to the police as a noted resort of thieves, and still existing as such. It was plain to see that Mr. Grabber was at home, as within ten minutes he had dispatched three or four confidential conversations, and taken as many drinks with certain anxious questioners. While Mr. Grabber was engaged, I was made the subject of special attention by one smart young gentleman of the party. He first approached me with the question: "What's up?" I responded

ly declared "Nothing," whereas the young gentleman consigned his soul to perdition, and repeated the question. I thought the matter might be getting serious; I therefore answered that I came there to wait for Mr. Grabber. With this the young gentleman looked at me inquiringly and said: "What, not copper?" I did not exactly know what "copper" meant, but felt rather certain I was not "coppered." I therefore said so. "Then," said the young gentleman, "drink." Under all the circumstances, I thought it best to drink, feeling rather sure that my friend must be done than former. There is more finish to it. The former very harsh and coarse oath had modified down into polite swearing, the same as the offensive old clay pipe has changed into a silver-tipped Meerschaum. Still, the swearing continues as well as the smoking, although the former destroys the self-respect and influence of the moral man, while the latter destroys the physical and otherwise injures the mind.

We recently heard of an admirable method adopted by a lady to cure a swearing husband, which was so well conceived, and so happily executed, and with such lasting effects, we cannot

forget the subject of eulogy. His absence was lamented, but in his absence we drank his health and better success to his next adventure. It was a pleasant dinner we had, when we sat late into the night; I am pretty sure it was after midnight when I had the old gentleman "good-night;" on the stoop; he had been cautioning me not to relax my vigilance even now while I was off my duty, as I could not make any calculation in the matter; this man, I said, might imagine that of fact as soon as he could communicate with me without the gentleman's observing it. Presently Mr. Grabber brought the gentleman to the next table from the one where I sat ostensibly reading the newspaper, and strange to say, prodded the identical question that was offered to me. "What's up?" to which, strange still, the professional returned the same answer, "Nothing." Then Mr. Grabber said: "You didn't get in on that New Orleans arrangement?" On the stoop; he had been cautioning me not to relax my vigilance even now while I was off my duty, as I could not make any calculation in the matter; this man, I said, might imagine that of fact as soon as he could communicate with me without the gentleman's observing it. Presently Mr. Grabber brought the gentleman to the next table from the one where I sat ostensibly reading the newspaper, and strange to say, prodded the identical question that was offered to me. "What's up?" to which, strange still, the professional returned the same answer, "Nothing." Then Mr. Grabber said: "You didn't get in on that New Orleans arrangement?"

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